Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what diſaſter hap
Hath ſeuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet*?
Ah why ſhou'd Heauen ſo much conſpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So ſoone to ſunder vs by timeleſſe Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O honeſt *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.
Iul: What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude couſen, and my deareſt Lord,
Then let the trumpet ſound a generall doome,
Theſe two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that murdred him is baniſhed.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O ſerpents hate, hid with a flowring face;
O painted ſepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing ſo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?
Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honeſtie in men:
All falſe, all faithles, periurde, all forſworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iul: A bliſter on that tung, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his face Shame is aſhamde to ſit,
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Couſen?
That villaine Couſen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
VVorſe than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is baniſhed. Ah that word Baniſhed
Is worſe than death, *Romeo* is baniſhed,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
All kild, all ſlaine, all dead, all baniſhed.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.

VVill

VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are ſpent,
Mine ſhall be ſhed for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul: Doo ſo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat leſſe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom: Ha, Baniſhed? be merciſull, ſay death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it ſelfe, doo not ſay Baniſhment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe,
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monſtrous ſinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath ruſhd aſide the law,

And